

The Historie of

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to, these nine in Buckram, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,
Poyus. Downe fell his hose.

Fal. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foote and hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monstrous! eleuen buckram men growne out of two?

Fal. But as the diuel would haue it, three misbegottē knaues, in Kendall greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prin. These eyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open palpable. Why thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad; is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What saist thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reason Iacke, your reason.

Fal. What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

Prin. He be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-prester, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

Fal. Zbloud you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neats tongue, buls-pizzel, you stockefish: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tried thy selfe in base comparisōs, heare me speak but thus

Poy. Marke, Iacke.

Prin. We two, saw you foure, set on foure & bound them, & were maisters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe: then did wee two set on you foure, and with a word,

Henry the foureb.

word, outfac'd you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can shew it you here in the house: and *Falsalffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & still run & roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. What a slaue art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done, & then say it was in fight? What tricke? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

Poin. Come lets heare Iacke, what tricke hast thou now?

Fals. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why heare you my maisters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but, by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you haue the Money. Hostesse, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument shal be, thy running away.

Fals. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou louest me. Enter Hostesse.

Hof. O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what saist thou to me?

Hof. Marry, my L. there is a Noble man of the court, at doore would speake with you: he sayes, he comes from your father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hof. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his Bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his answer?

Prin. Prethee doe Iacke.

Fals. Fayth, and he send him packing.

Exit.

Prin. Now sirs: birlady you fought faire, so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*; you are Lions too, you ran away vpon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no sic.

Bar. Fayth, I ran when I saw others runne.

E.

Prince?